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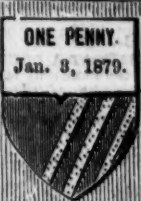
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No. 164 Vol. IV.





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Jan. 3, 1879.




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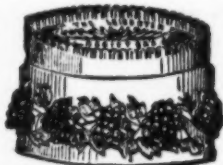
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THE CITY JACKDAW.

JANUARY 8, 1879.

THE L. P. P.



THE L. P. P.

IT is scarcely needful to say that this refers to the (now celebrated) Leicester Pork Pies (registered). Perhaps no advertisements of late have come more directly under public notice than those pertaining to the above. Inquiries have poured in from all parts of the British Islands, followed by orders for these goods; the consequence is a continually increasing demand for the L. P. P. The makers have taken care to back up their notices by an article that cannot be surpassed for quality, at the same time recommending the retailers to supply the public at very reasonable prices. Messrs. V., C., and D. have found it necessary to remove to much larger premises. They have just commenced making at the new works, Sussex Street, where they have every facility for doing a most extensive trade, aided by the best machinery for the various purposes required. The LEICESTER PORK PIES (registered) are sold by grocers and provision purveyors in all directions, and can very soon be obtained in the remotest districts if inquired for. The LEICESTER SAUSAGES (registered) of the same makers, Messrs. VICCARS, COLLYER, & DUNMORE, 24, Silver Street, Leicester.

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THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. IV.—No. 164.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, 1879.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

STRAY THOUGHTS ON DOMESTIC MATTERS.

[BY FIGARO JUNIOR.]

NOTHING is more curious in the natural history of women than the manner in which the refusal of their requests for new bonnets acts upon their ingenuity, and stimulates their economical predilections. A woman who has met with such a refusal will make the Sunday leg of mutton go twice as far as it would under ordinary circumstances. In my case the mutton usually disappears, as far as I am concerned, after the second day, but an avowed disinclination on my part to surrender the sum necessary to defray the cost of some article of feminine apparel invariably has the effect of making the leg of mutton go as far as a whole sheep ought to do. A man may be firm; he may be cast in an iron mould; he may, in order to assert his rights as chancellor of his own exchequer, put up with mutton roast on Sunday, cold on Monday, Irish stewed on Tuesday, cold again on Wednesday, and curried on Thursday, but it is rarely that he can withstand the application of a second stew on Friday. His back by that time begins to feel woolly, and he generally caves in. If, whenever a man is asked by his wife for a new shawl or cap, he refuses, let him carefully observe whether a malignant smile plays round the corners of his partner's mouth when she receives the refusal. If there does, he may conclude she has a leg of mutton in the house, and had better give in at once, before his tortured palate compels consent.

At no time does the immense unreasonableness of a woman's nature shine so conspicuously as when she is playing whist. No consideration on earth will induce her to play trumps while she has anything else in her hand, or if she is not obliged to do so in following suit. A man may just as well knock his head against the wall as try to persuade or entice his female partner to lead out trumps, or to return his lead if he does so. Generally, indeed, it is as well that he should never tempt her, for if by chance she is persuaded, he may reckon with certainty upon her making an everlasting mess of it. The chances are ten thousand to one that a woman, about whose play doubts are suggested, will immediately dab an ace on her partner's king, just in order to show that she knows the game as well as any sniggering mountebank at the table.

Few women ever really wish to die, but there is no doubt that the most passionately attached to life begins to think that it must be nice to be an angel when she finds that the fashions are about to change two weeks after she has got her new Sunday clothes.

One of the most important things a man has to learn in this life is the way to hold humid babies so as to escape the difficulty of having portions of his clothes unduly shrunk. More ability has been expended in the effort to solve this problem than would have been required to build the Tower of Babel, and still no satisfactory solution has been arrived at. A good way is to have an umbrella, of which the stick projects a long way beyond the apex of the covering. If the baby is lashed to this stick, and the umbrella opened, a man may hold it up and carry the baby in this manner in comparative safety.

The man who will write a good sound treatise on the habits of slaves will be a benefactor to his species. The difficulty is, that no man is ever able to understand them with anything like certainty until it is time for him to die.

No one in this world except a slavey can comprehend the infernal properties which lurk in the seemingly inoffensive perambulator, and no

one could ever hope to make that machine show off its capacities for devilment in the way a slavey can. One perambulator, guided by an experienced slavey, has been known to cause more cursing amongst a crowd than fourteen iron hoops and twenty-six hard leather balls.

When a man is about to get married, one of the first things he ought to do is to ascertain whether his wife's family has or had any big pot in it. If so, he must invent a bigger pot still for his own family, or he is a lost man. I knew not, alas, of this when I got married, and at the first tiff was struck dumb by allusion to an admiral who had kindly acted as great-uncle to Mrs. Figaro. In desperation I retorted with a captain who belonged to my illustrious race, but my wife, though sobered by this, was nevertheless suspicious, and making inquiries at the first opportunity about this captain, found that he only commanded a cutter of fourteen tons, and was hanged at the end of last century for smuggling. The admiral therefore triumphed, and has done the high-cockalorum-jig ever since.

As a piece of sober and solemn advice, proceeding from the depths of long suffering, I would entreat all young married men never to refuse their wives new window curtains. They may stick out against every other demand with comparative impunity, but the objection to the window curtains entails months of abject misery. Window curtains are the outward and visible sign of respectability, and a woman who cannot in this way show her neighbours and the passers-by in the street that the family which occupies that individual house is as good as them, if not better, loses all her self-respect at once, and becomes reckless. Even if the front room has but a rag of carpet, and a three-and-sixpenny chair in it, let a man see that it has got a pair of slap-up window curtains to it, otherwise he is almost certain to come to an early grave through swallowing hairpins in his morning porridge.

A great many women have a habit of keeping the clocks in the house an hour or so fast, under the impression that they thereby gain time, because it is not actually so late as the clock indicates. The delusion will last a woman's lifetime, though she is never deceived by the clock, and always recollects when she looks at it that it is so much fast. With a man, however, it is different. He is accustomed to rely on the clock, and so when he gets up one morning and finds that it is ten o'clock, and that he has to get breakfast and walk two miles to catch a train at eleven he naturally feels hurried, but still acts like a Christian. It is only when, after nearly breaking his neck, he gets to the station and finds that it is just five minutes to ten, and that he has over an hour to wait, that he gives way to bad language. Next week he may have to keep the same appointment, but stops in bed for a good spell longer, knowing that the clock is an hour fast. Not until he gets to the station and finds that the train has been gone twenty-five minutes does he realise that that infernal clock had been again altered, and was only half-an-hour fast now. His language then becomes quite unfit for publication.

No man should become a Sunday school teacher, or a deacon of the chapel, until his family is grown up and got out into the world. The feelings excited during the process of bringing up a young family are utterly inconsistent with the precepts and practice of Christianity.

For the same reason a man should abstain from making religious professions as long as he cannot afford to buy a pair of the expensive hideouties known as "lustres" for the front parlour mantelpiece. It is of no use to repent of sin if you go on sinning, and an archangel could

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not help swearing if he had his life nagged out of him, as a man does about those lustres.

If a man is in the direct line of an omnibus he ought, generally, to get out of the way in order to avoid being run over; but if he knows the house cleaning season to be near he might as well allow the horses to prance over his prostrate carcass. Even if he is killed he will escape the cleaning, and if he is not killed, but only gets all his ribs broken, he will escape it too, for they do not exasperate patients in this way at the Infirmary.

A baby usually begins to develop the innate ferocity of its nature at the age of six or eight months. It is advisable then to destroy it if the thing can be done safely; but if not, a pot of boiling water placed on the hob, so that the slightest movement will cause it to upset, and having the handle within reach of the baby, has before now been known to induce a child to destroy itself. If this does not succeed, the wretched parent should make tracks for America without further delay.

Never try to make a slavey believe that cabbage is better if all the slugs are picked out. It is a mere waste of time, which might better be employed in thinking over a few novel exclamations to be used when you tumble over the slop pail, which she invariably leaves outside your bedroom door.

If, when you complain that there are no buttons on your shirt, your wife asks whether you think she has got nothing else to do but to run after you sewing buttons on, do not dream of making a reply. If you do you may safely bet ten sovereigns to a weak-eyed potato that she will sew on every individual button with one or two passes of the needle, so that each shall burst off before you get half way to town. A woman is more dangerously malignant during the two hours immediately succeeding her getting up than during all the rest of the day.

If, when you are snugly ensconced between the blankets and are trying to get a little warmth, your wife should insist upon you going down stairs to see if the front door is locked, in spite of your declaration that you locked it just before coming up stairs, it is perhaps, on the whole, better to yield and go. The same language which you used when you found the eldest hopeful had filled your slippers with snow will do again; but if you fall over the perambulator in the lobby, which you are pretty sure to do, you will require to look up your vocabulary for further expletives.

THE REV. T. N. FARTHING'S FOLLIES.

MOSSLEY, as many of our readers know, is a scattered but pleasant little town, situated at the junction of the three counties of Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Cheshire. Among other attractions it enjoys the distinction of having its spiritual affairs presided over by a successor of the Apostles, whose fame extends far beyond the boundaries of his parish. As a distinguished champion of the Church Defence Association, the Rev. T. N. Farthing is well known; and as a copious contributor to that receptacle of wisdom and veracity—the correspondence columns of the *Manchester Courier*—his claims for grateful recognition cannot be denied. Notwithstanding all this, his parishioners do not seem to appreciate his excellent qualities. As vicar, his position is not altogether so tranquil as could be desired. The fact is, Mossley is imbued with a spirit of Radicalism and Dissent; and Mr. Farthing is an avowed enemy of both. Hence the unsatisfactory state of things. These Mossley people, it must be admitted, have had a bad training. They have suckled Radicalism at their mothers' breasts, and for generations have been taught to think for themselves in all matters political and religious. In the good old Tory days, in the beginning of the present century, when Mossley was a small village, the Jacobins of that time were dispersed by armed dragoons, led by the then Rector of Ashton-under-Lyne, while discussing their political rights on the adjacent moorlands. Later still, as Radicals, they rallied round Henry Hunt on the fatal field of Peterloo, when defenceless people were hacked down by drunken yeomanry at the instigation of Tory squires. Later still, as sturdy Nonconformists, inspired by the eloquence of a Robinson and a Halliwell, they, year after year, at the annual Ashton vestry meetings,

protested against the imposition of Church rates and Easter dues. During the agitation preceding the Repeal of the Corn Laws, and in every other important political struggle, Mossley has ever been to the front, and never wavered in its loyalty to Liberal traditions; and, last of all, as the extraordinary and instructive correspondence in the *Ashton Reporter*, now lying before us, and extending over many months, amply shows Mossley has now taken up, with its accustomed earnestness and vigour, the cause of the disestablishment and disendowment of the dominant Church. It is in the midst of such a deplorable state of things that the Rev. T. N. Farthing finds himself placed as the official representative of "sweetness and light." Public meetings are held without his permission, or without even asking him for it. "Intrusive strangers," as he terms them, do not hesitate to enter his parish for the purpose of declaiming against the political privileges of the Episcopal Church, and its right to the national funds. All this is the cause of intense grief and indignation to the worthy vicar, who gives utterance to his feelings in very emphatic terms, in the correspondence we have alluded to. He had been charged by his opponents with using language popularly known as Billingsgate. Mr. Farthing replies that the vulgarity is not in the epithet, but in the thing that makes it necessary to employ the epithet. That is to say, if Brown and Jones have an argument, and Brown, failing to convince Jones of his error, calls him an infamous scoundrel, the odium of using this offensive expression does not rest on Brown, but on Jones for refusing to come to the same conclusion as Brown. This doctrine, to ordinary minds, may seem peculiar; but the Rev. T. N. Farthing is altogether peculiar in his notions of public controversy. He is a perfect master of this kind of hard-hitting, and with a view to the amusement and edification of our readers, we have gathered, at random, from the letters before us, a few specimens of his graceful flowers of rhetoric. When his opponents have carried his positions, and exposed the hollowness of his defences, Mr. Farthing very cleverly covers his retreat by firing off his verbal torpedoes. Their arguments he describes as "vile sophisms," "gratuitous insults," "scandalous libel founded on gross untruth," "infamous slander," "parrot cries of unscrupulous agitators," "gross misrepresentations," "vile perversion of the truth," &c. His opponents, some of whom are Dissenting ministers, men of ability and honour, are pictured as "mischievous dealers in untruths," "a set of agitators who seem to be destitute alike of controversial courtesy and common decency." One is a "notorious political firebrand," while others are compared in the "reckless pursuit of their unprincipled traffic in gross untruths" to "burglars and garroters." As a political Dissenter is, in Mr. Farthing's estimation, the very incarnation of evil from the individual point of view, so the Liberation Society represents the worst traits of human character, in its associated capacity. But let the rev. gentleman speak for himself. It should be explained here that the Messrs. Porter, Gratton, and Co. mentioned in the subjoined extract are the Nonconformist ministers of the town. "Let 'G. H.' and his friends," says the Mossley vicar, "use their influence in inducing Messrs. Porter, Gratton, and Co. to withdraw their support from that venal and unscrupulous organisation for political agitation of the most disgraceful and unprincipled kind, known as the Liberation Society, and we may have peace. So long as that agglomeration of atheists, infidels, secularists, and sectarians pursues its vile work of systematic misrepresentation, there can be none." What have the contumacious Radical Dissenters of Mossley to say to this? Evidently they are in for warm work. It is too much to expect, considering their antecedents, that they will abandon their cherished convictions, give up the right of private judgment and free speech, and bow their heads in meek submission to the priest who claims spiritual authority over them; and yet, if they do not, in effect, do this, says Mr. Farthing, of peace "there shall be none." Maybe they have a liking for these controversial squalls. We are inclined to think they have; but what about the Liberation Society? Any society that can withstand the force of a denunciation so terrible as the one we have quoted must possess a wonderful amount of vitality. Will the Liberation Society survive it? We are now waiting calmly for the result.

A NEGRO was scalded to death from a boiler explosion, and on his tombstone they chiselled deeply—"Sacred to the memory of our 'steamed friend.'"

A MISSOURI paper says—"The month had some of the coldest weather we've had for some years. Horses, cattle, and turkeys roosting in trees were frozen to death."

DEBT BUYING & COLLECTING.

Messrs. FERRAN NEPHEW, & CO., Manchester Chambers, 46, Market Street, Manchester, PURCHASE or (for a small commission on actual receipts only) COLLECT, personally defraying all law expenses found necessary. Detailed list sent, or invitation to call, will receive immediate attention.—CASH PAID ANY WEDNESDAY.

IN THE SHOWROOM.

[BY A LADY CONTRIBUTOR.]

HOW lightly women can talk whilst their hearts are breaking! How calmly they can smile as the grave is dug for their lives! Such an everyday tragedy I once saw enacted in Madame Durnand's show-room. Looking in, that summer afternoon, it would have been strange to connect anything sad with it, all was so bright and gay. The sun was streaming in at the large windows, and playing on the soft mounds of silk and satin, that lay strewn about in graceful disorder. Delicate Indian shawls lay heaped on the side of the large centre table, and beside them was a pile of rich purple velvet which a slight, fair girl, was drawing across the stream of sunlight as she folded it up. Two other young girls stood near, in eager consultation over the trimming of a creamy coloured gauze, while on the couch beside them a pale pink silk dress glimmered through the rich bridal veil that had been thrown over it.

Madame Durnand herself stood in the centre of the room, holding up to view a white satin marriage-dress, over which little Mrs. Newton was bending, lost in admiration of the fineness of the texture, and the exquisite finish. "Yes, Madame," said Madame Durnand, "it is very handsome; all her robes are handsome, magnifique!" she continued, pointing into an adjoining room, the door of which stood open, and where the eye seemed to lose itself in soft brilliancy of colour. "No expense has been spared, but it has been so hurried that it has kept us very busy; but *que voulez-vous?*" she said, with a little shrug, "the ladies do take so long to decide, and then les Messieurs, they will not have the patience." "Yes, indeed, it must have been very hurriedly arranged," said Mrs. Newton, "we never heard of it. Florry, dear," she continued, turning, and calling to her daughter, "come and see Georgiana Dudgeon's marriage-dress; it is so beautiful. Just fancy, she is to be married next month to Henry Norton." Florence Newton was standing in the window, in the full blaze of the afternoon sun, which was making golden the soft brown twists of hair, and almost cheated one into believing that the graceful folds of the pearl-grey dress were all shot with pink and gold. Her head was slightly bent over some silks she was matching, and she did not raise it for some minutes. The small gloved hand trembled slightly, but when she looked up it was with the calm look habitual to her. "I think this will suit best, Madame," she said, in her bell-like tones, "the other is too much of a blue-green;" and then gathering up her long draperies, she moved slowly across the room to where her mother stood. Jack Henderson was standing beside her. He had heard what Mrs. Newton said, and he had turned pale with a vague passion of hope. He had seen the momentary tremor of the hand that was dearer to him than life, but he had met her eyes as she raised them, and the hope had died quickly out; he knew his sentence would not be repealed, he felt that in that brief minute faith and love had died for ever out of Florence Newton's heart. A lady, who was trying on a lace shawl at one of the long mirrors, turned, with the insolent curiosity of gossip, to see how she took it, for all the world knew the story of the romantic attachment between Captain Norton and the beautiful but penniless Miss Newton. The girl who was serving her turned too, sympathy mingled with curiosity, for she was young and in love; but the beauty moved past with stately calmness, and the girl turned again to her work, with a half sigh, as she said to herself, "How heartless these fine ladies are;" but she repented her hard judgment when she went not a month later to get orders for Mrs. Newton's mourning for her daughter, who died from a cold, caught out boating, it was said. But meanwhile Florence Newton looked at the marriage dress—smiled and admired it. "Georgy Dudgeon had always good taste," she said; and then she helped Madame Durnand to decide on the shade of trimming for a hat for the bride.

"This is my favorite blue, you know," she said, "but then a brunette should have a more decided shade." And Madame Durnand always took Miss Newton's taste, only one thing startled her; Miss Newton, who was such a judge of lace, that day mistook common edging for real Valenciennes. I was reading of some pretty women who can detach their words from their thoughts like a train from which the engine has been separated, and still keep it going with the impetus from the past, and it made me think of Florence Newton that day, as she chatted and laughed so gaily with Madame Durnand about dress, fashions, weather, &c., whilst the main-spring of her life was broken.

I was not astonished to hear that she was in her grave before Miss Dudgeon's marriage dress was worn, for as she past me that day, in spite

of the gaiety of her manner, I caught an expression in her "brow's undisturbed self-possession," a strange, weird look which showed me that another heart had gone down silently in the world's battle; that amidst that sunshine and finery, a young life had been stung to death.

CHARGE OF THE SNOW-BRIGADE.

[BY OUR OWN LAUREATE.]

HALF an hour—half an hour,
From their work sundered,
In the committee-room
Stood the seven hundred.

In that committee-room
Went the seven hundred,
For, said the summonses
(Some one had blundered),
Come, men of every grade,
Here must your fines be paid—
In that committee-room
Stood the seven hundred!

Come, men of every grade—
Still they were not dismayed,
For all assembled knew
Some one had blundered;
Fine them, said civil law
(In which there's not a flaw),
Citizens we must awe—
In the committee-room
Stood the seven hundred!

Aldermen right of them,
Councillors left of them,
Mayor right in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered;
Untouched by platitudes,
In various attitudes,
Murmuring beatitudes,
Stood the seven hundred!

Then, from that motley throng,
Hisses came, fierce and strong,
That stately room along,
Showing the Council they
Would not be plundered:
On right and justice bent,
Fierce was the sound they sent,
(Stronger than argument)
Mayor and committee feel
(Not to be wondered)
By fining they cannot deal
With that seven hundred.

Councillors right of them,
Aldermen left of them,
Mayor then behind them,
They who had thundered
Forth their wise platitudes,
In various attitudes
Smiled their beatitudes
On the unplundered,
As from that committee-room
Came the seven hundred!

When will the memory fade
Of the firm stand they made?
Honour those pioneers,
Who shall, in after years,
Calm the whole city's fears
From being plundered.
Hiss them and boldly show
You will not sweep the snow
Like that seven hundred!

THE editor of a religious paper which had one month's precarious existence in Chicago says that is a good city for a religious paper, providing Satan has three pages, and the other page is mixed.

A FAT country rector, on the faith of many advertisements, having laid in a stock of a certain wine, felt compelled to discourse as follows:—"It is poison, sir, rank poison. I couldn't drink it, my butler wouldn't drink it, and I had to distribute it among the sick poor of the parish."



Persons who wish to see the *City Jackdaw* regularly are respectfully recommended to order it of their Newsagent, otherwise, they may be, and often are, disappointed in not being able to obtain copies. Or, it will be sent by post from the Publishing Office, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, every week for half-a-year on payment of 3s. 3d. in advance, being posted in time for delivery at any address each Friday morning.

WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT Eccles is generally supposed to be a fashionable sort of place.
 That Eccles Parish Church is attended by many very grand persons.
 That Bishop Fraser went there to preach on Sunday last.
 That His Lordship spoke just as plainly to these exceedingly grand persons as he does to grasping cabmen, humble engine-drivers, or naughty ballet-girls.
 That he said he didn't mean to flatter them, but, rather, to find fault with them, for their good.
 That the Bishop of Manchester looks upon himself as, and is, a kind of modern Isaiah or Jeremiah.
 That, therefore, he goes in for proclaiming the bare and simple truth.
 That he picks holes in gentlemen's coats and ladies' jackets, and exposes their extravagances, follies, and iniquities.
 That he was in good form for doing this last Sunday morning.
 That, consequently, his sermon has given great offence to the swells of Eccles.
 That it is not nice to be pulled to pieces by your own Bishop.
 That the operation is none the less necessary and wholesome on that account.
 That the Mayor of Manchester no longer shuts his eye to the alarming distress in our midst.
 That, writing to the Home Secretary, he says some 65,000 persons in Manchester and Salford are now in receipt of relief.
 That His Worship adds:—"It would be rash to predict the duration of our present condition, or whether it will be better or worse."
 That the Dailies are filled with Distress just now.
 That a feeling of horror ran through men and women as they wished each other A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year.
 That the Old Year was a year of famine, pestilence, war, strikes, and discords of almost every kind.
 That Mr. Bevan says that nearly three hundred strikes of workpeople occurred during 1878.
 That it is to be hoped both employers and employed will be wiser during 1879.
 That the Mayor inaugurated the Town Hall clock and the Town Hall bells on New Year's Day.
 That His Worship is now at peace with all men, even with "A." and the editor of the *Examiner*.
 That some grumblers complain that the bells don't make sufficient din.
 That, judging from the number of tipsy individuals seen in the streets on Wednesday and yesterday, the Distress is not universal.

A MERRY (?) CHRISTMAS.

[BY OUR OWN GROWLER.]

A MERRY CHRISTMAS indeed—what a barbarous anomaly! All the weekly bills, monthly bills, quarterly bills, half-yearly bills, and yearly bills come trooping in at Christmas, and, though a bachelor, my limited means turn pale at the very sound of the often repeated, but hideously sarcastic compliment of "A merry Christmas to you!"—merry indeed! From my bachelor lodgings in this smoky town I have marked, through the foggy, murky atmosphere, the departure of all my chums, one by one, as they have fled to the scenes of their Christmas festivities. Jones has gone north, Brown has migrated south, Smith has departed east, Robinson has peregrinated west, each favoured with hospitable and (as they said) unexpected invitations—all fly in answer to the beckoning finger of "merry Christmas."

"And leave the world to darkness and to me!"

Oh Christmas!—thou remorseless season of duns, thou dreaded period of persecution—short as are thy days, how miserable are thy hours, when we measure them by the number of single raps on our knockers, and peruse the record of thy presence in the pernicious annals of long, narrow, importunate slips of paper, and numerous wafered epistles which invariably "wait for an answer!" Oh, season of mirth, when every pleasure and important acquisition of dress or ornament we have experienced during the preceding three hundred and sixty-four days are brought to our vivid recollection in such a *figurative* manner! Ghosts and goblins! Alas! what ghosts of rusty gloves and worn out hats—what an amount of goblin coats and waistcoats present themselves to the fevered train at the perusal of our Christmas bills! Arithmetic, bane of the civilised world, immortalisation of ruin and debt—what blundering idiot asserted that the dragon's teeth, sown by Cadmus, were only an allegory, typical of his invention of the alphabet? I utterly deny the allegory—the dragon's teeth were not the alphabet; the dragon's teeth must have been the pernicious numerals of Arabia! The only letters of the alphabet which Christmas drags into company of those accursed numerals with a damning effect are the inevitable L. S. D., and even they may vary in their significance, as I, upon their appearance at the head of a column of unwelcome Christmas figures, am apt to mutter "Lord, Send Deliverance," whilst my persevering creditors may have to say "Lo, Sad Defaulter."

And yet I, too, have had Christmas visitors, two of them. My brother Tom called on the "merry" Christmas morning to wish me the compliments of the season, and to ask if I could spare *that trifle*; and my sister Mary called to ask me to execute a small commission for her at Bijou's on the following day—fatal commission, Bijou's was the only bill which I had not received—and after I had done my sister's commission with success, I was leaving the shop in the happy thought that they had forgotten me, when my ears were saluted with—"By the bye, there is a small trifle," &c., &c. I rushed from the shop, but the bolt had fallen! The bill was at my lodgings as soon as I was, with an intimation that "in consequence of the present state of business," &c., &c.—stereotyped thunder-bolt!

But vituperation is useless, I tread the uncompromising streets as if the old man of the sea was clinging to my shoulders; I enter into the scenes of my nightly fellowship with my now absent chums as sneakingly as if I was intent upon stealing the crushers; I shudder involuntarily as I pass my hatter's window; as I pass the showily decorated window of my shoemaker a thousand revengeful corns seem to shoot their ire at their unpaid-for prisons; visions of broad cloth seem to flit before my eyes as I cross the street on approaching my tailor's domicile; and oh, how the fragrant odours which emanate from the tobacconist's fall with startling effect upon my olfactory nerves, as I think of the last box of Havanas I promised to pay for before Christmas, and beat a retreat to the solitude of my bill-haunted, bachelor lodgings, and reflect upon my penniless liability to the amount of—No, I dare not record its sum total! And am I alone in this climax of dismal reflections? Sad and appalling indeed would be the record which could enumerate the quantity of human beings who, in this period of dark distress, have experienced the bitterness of that irony which can be condensed in the short sentence of "A Merry Christmas!"

"Would you believe it, Sandy," said a divine, "that I never thought of the sermon before I went to the pulpit?" "Oh, that is exactly what Mr. Mackintosh and I have been saying while you were preaching."

TO SMOKERS: (Mounted Briars, Meerschaums, Cigar Cases, Tobacco Pouches, Cigarettes, and Smokers' Requisites of every description.) WITHECOMB, 32, VICTORIA-ST., & 66, MARKET-ST.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL FOR CURLERS.

LIVE down at Old Trafford, and my name is Truthful James, I am not up to small deceptions or any sinful games, I simply rise to tell you all the where, the when, the how, A Curling Match on Christmas Day produced a jolly row. Now Christmas Day, I've heard men say, a day of peace should be, And Curling is as peaceful as anything could be; There's nothing in a sheet of ice to make men's passions rise, While Curling stones aren't made, I know, to blacken people's eyes. Away at Table Mountain things are different, I'm aware,— A fight is sure to follow every friendly game out there; You'll want a Bowie by your cards at poker or at euchre, Or at any other pastime that involves man's filthy lachre. But Curling! Lord! I'd sooner think that tea, or toast-and-water, Would stir ferocious feelings up to the very brink of slaughter. But, there, I've been mistaken, and I can't say it's a pity, For if there'd been no quarrelling, why, there'd have been no ditty.

The sky is fair, the air is brisk, the ice is smooth and clear; The members of the Curling Club are come from far and near. Firm purpose shows in every eye, and illka face reveals, That this is no mere foolery, like strathspeys, flings, or reels. Among them all, both old and young, whether fair-haired or hoary, No smile is seen, no joke is made, nor heard is any story. Those may do at the "Land o' Cakes," or at the "Lass o' Gowrie;" Or when "wee drappies in the e'e" are ta'en wi' Aberdoury. They may do on the "Clansman" when, mid "mists and vapours Grey," A "recht guid willie waucht's" kept up all round to Oban bay. They're in place in Highland places, and I think—nay, I am sure— They will suit the genial cronies that assemble at Ballure. But 'tis now the hour of trial, and the ordeal is stern; Each man knows he must do his best the glittering badge to earn; Each noble breast is fluttering now to wear the proud scarf-pin Which he who bears him bravest in the strife is sure to win. Oh! Mr. Ross, oh Malcolm, why weren't ye here the noo? Vice-Presidents to comrades should aye be leal and true. And you, Ballure, Mic-Mac Ballure, wet chieftain of the waters, Wha bid ye stay awa' fra us with somebody's sons or daughters? And burly Scot, who represents "ingenium Scotorum," Why bide ye by the toddy bowl, and fail to form the quorum? And brither Scots, of other ilks, why came ye not to see How Caledonians stern and wild indulge in "a bit spree?"

The stones are cast—a dozen clans are striving hard for fame, And to win their partners' cheering or 'scape their partners' blame; For curling stones have nasty knacks of taking a wrong bias, Through bounding off a bit of rock—for rhyme's sake call it lias. They strike aside a "friendly" stone, when they should push it nearer, And that's a fact that does not make one's partner love one dearer; Or, perhaps, the "crampets" fail to bite, and down upon his toes, The Curler's stone falls heavily, while he falls on his nose.

There was excitement at the first, but now it's growing higher, And tempers once as ice as cool are burning hot as fire. See! five men now have just five each—by Jove! it's getting fiercer, And the language used is such as even I don't like to hear, sir. "Got" you hear them shout, but it's not your "got" they mean: If their partners had but "got" it, that would not the word have been. Another cries out "Tam," and, of course disapprobation Is expressed by the addition, when it takes the form of "nation." Still worse oaths than these were uttered; but I willingly confess I cannot—they were Gaelic—write them down without a mess. One more portentous oath than I ever heard before Had of consonants two dozen and of vowels only four; But this mighty swearer, shamed, tried at once his face to mask By holding up before it an inverted whisky flask.

Five men, with five, the game was, when the greatest row began— "Tak an inwick aff the ither stane," one to his partner sang; "Tak an inwick, noo mon, min', joost enouch to crack an egg,"— Which means that "if you cannon you'll score another peg." But the "inwick" was not fruitful, or some very wicked men Said that was true which was not: that the stane did not "come ben." "That's—hard lines"—the blank's an adjective—said a man that never flinches, "The stone, but for an accident, would have been nearer by three inches." "With deference to your character," said his rival, raging high; "I must submit your statement is joost naething but a lie." "A lie!" screamed Craigellachie, "sir, our Curling Club denies Any privilege to your language—I shall hit you in the eyes."

Now, I hold it is not decent, as I've somewhere said before, For members of a club to get quarrelling on the floor. It was just in such a manner that we began the row That broke up our society upon the Stanislaus. "Liar" is not pleasant, and there are better ways of saying

That you think a certain person with eternal truth is playing. It's enough to call him Layard, and they'll all know what you mean, And you give him your opinion straight, and yet avoid a scene. Nor is the best reply, when of lying you're accused, To engage with your accuser until one of you is bruised. How nobler in the mind, to let the insult bide Until you meet your man in court with a lawyer by your side. But temper comes, and wisdom lingers, and I sadly grieve to say, Temper triumphed over wisdom on the Curling ground that day.

"I'll hit you in the eyes," were the words of Craigellachie, And, forthwith, the orbs of vision were as dark as any black-e'e. The blow thus struck must be returned, and, striking vaguely south, The man who raised the bother hit the other in the mouth. But a fight reserved to two did not suit a Highland temper, And every Highland laddie rose to prove the "Edom Semper." And first of all, the valliant Mac—what Mac who cares to learn? Is there a Mac alive who would not any blow return? The worst of Macs is this—they stick so close together, That one follows the other as sheep the old bell-wether. You ne'er can strike at one Mac, but what a score of others Spring up and fiercely hit at you as though they all were brothers. I would only add this caution—in assaulting races clannish, After hitting your man, your best plan is to vanish.

Now I've lived at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James, And I've seen some awkward scrimmages, and rather curious games; But at Virginia City, or down at Poker Flat, I've seen no fun so lively, or a row arise so pat, As the wonderful encounter which arose on Christmas Day On the rink whereon the Curlers had assembled for to play. How one seized another's throat, I must refuse to tell; If I told of the "set-to" you'd think the whole thing a sell. You'd aiblins say, with Kate, that I was quite a "skellum," Or perhaps, as Burns said, "a blethering, blustering, drunken blellum."

There was, however, a "set-to," though it came to a speedy end, For an arm appeared in the field as though bearing a beesom to mend. The arm was that of the Elder, who's a shining light in the churches, And the beesom was one of the best that was ever constructed of birches. He was the critical worshipping who, assuming ineffable airs, Said "Hoot, mon, the serment is guid, but damnable are a' the prayers." And his beesom, though worn in sweeping, was capable still of use, For now it had done its duty, he made it the cause of a truce. He danced around with a vigour, that was undiminished by curling, And made the two combatants part by keeping his beesom a-twirling. Round went his arms like a flail, and round did the beesom go too, Until boxers, and all that were round them, feared him a hit he would rue. Forthwith away they all scampered, and none was near to receive The last knock pacificatory which the beesomist tried to achieve.

Away they all ran for a moment, but swiftly came back to the rink,— This time for business, remember, and not, as of old, for a drink. "Shonther to shonther" they came, to hold a drumhead court-martial, And—though I say it as should n't—they held it throughout quite impartial. They sent out the pipers to call the heinous offenders before them, And from the beginning they held a terrible penalty o'er them. Of course, the pugilist twain had pronounced themselves openly fools; But the question at issue was this—had they flagrantly broken the rules? What the rules actually are, I don't believe anyone knows; But that there really are rules, why nobody doubts, I suppose.

Still, rules are rules
For curlers or fools,
And they who say nay
Must be taught to obey.
So the jury impartial—
The Drumhead Court Martial—
Found guilty of treason,
With excellent reason,
The culprit who started
The schism which parted,
To quote a known line,
The friends o' lang syne.
Guilty of treason
With excellent reason;—
Guilty of conduct a little too boisterous
For a society far from being roysterous;
Guilty of going through the ice to the mire;
Guilty of calling a brother a liar.
Guilty of conduct, in fact, unbecoming
The club and its members, who all should be humming—
Not homing—the aim which they're proud to declaim,
That they're "Old English Gentlemen," worthy the name.

No, since Phairson swore a feud against the clan Mc.Tavish,
And sailed unto the land to murder and to ravish,
Has e'er a row so picturesque been ever seen before;

CIGARS at WITHECOMB'S are the CHOICEST, 3d., 4d., 6d., 9d., 1s., & 2s. 6d. each.

And never was a row, too, so quickly put an end to,
Or any other fight fought, limited to blows, two.

Since the battle boid, that Thackeray told, on Shannon shore.
For as soon as ever they beheld that the culprit was expelled,
And saw no one but a rash un would e'er indulge in passion,

The Carlers all resolved to be passionate no more.
They vowed with one consent that they'd banish discontent,
And all abstain abuse from hurling around while they were curling,

From this Christmas Day, and evermore.
So, far from feeling doury—a Scotch word which means soury—
They were frisky, and a whisky taken at the "Lass o' Gowrie,"
Gave them an advantage over Shannon shore.

LIFE WITHOUT LOVE.

[BY G. M.]

CHAPTER I.

"Thou little youthful maiden,
Come unto my great heart:
My heart, and the sea, and the heavens
Are melting away with love!"

WE met in a railway carriage, on our way to London, about the New Year. After some conversation, my companion agreed to recount to me the leading events of his life; and as these made a wonderful impression on me at the time, and are still fresh in my memory, I will rehearse them in the narrator's own words, so far as that is possible and prudent, suppressing the technicalities he employed and the names of a few of the places he mentioned.

My name, he commenced, is William Macadam. I belong to a small village a few miles out of ——. My father was owner of a small vessel that traded generally to the East Indies, and, as he commanded her himself, he was seldom at home. I had a religious and most affectionate mother, who, having received a liberal education, and being possessed of a fine taste for literature, used to store my mind, and that of my only sister, with selections from the works of our best poets. I remember how we used to guess at what particular part of his voyage my father would be; and if the night was very stormy, mother seldom went to bed, but spent the time in meditating, hoping, fearing, and committing her husband to God, who rules the winds and waves, and in whose hands are the lives of men. What delight, what happiness, what thankfulness to God, filled our hearts and souls when father safely arrived after an absence of perhaps two years!

Nothing particular occurred in the family until my twelfth year, when my sister Annie, who was my junior by two years, turned suddenly ill, and died after a few weeks' illness. I then realised for the first time that there were bitter drops in the cup of life. I loved her as it becomes a brother to love a sister, and her death was felt by me as if some cruel hand had torn away a portion of my heart. Fortunately, my father happened to be at home when this sad event occurred; which fact proved a great consolation to my mother, whose grief would otherwise have been almost certain to have terminated fatally. As it was, her health was greatly injured by the bereavement.

My father left, a few months after, on a voyage to the East Indies; and, previous to his departure, he had arranged that I should be sent to Greenwich to receive instructions qualifying me for becoming a sea-captain.

My mother gradually became weaker, until, at last, she was unable to perform the household duties, and a servant had to be engaged. She, as might be expected, would not hear of my leaving her; and I, somewhat reluctantly, bent to her decision, for, like boys in general, I thought that it would be a fine thing to be in a place like Greenwich, and far from the restraints of home. At length, she was continually confined to bed, and she often called me to her bedside and spoke to me about her "motherless boy." Ah! I had no idea that I was so soon to be deprived of her. It was a calm, beautiful night in the month of April, only four months after my father had left, that my mother died, and left me motherless at the early age of thirteen, and my father away, no one knew positively where.

I will not attempt to describe that event. It is indelibly written on the pages of my memory, and God knows that the recollection of it and the remembrance of lessons I received from my mother have exercised a good and heavenly influence upon my line of conduct on many occasions. I verily believe, though some may accuse me of being superstitious for saying so, that the spirit of my deceased mother has often proved my guardian angel.

I went to Greenwich shortly after, and applied myself assiduously to my studies. I made rapid progress, for I was ambitious to excel, and anxious to act conscientiously towards my teachers, myself, and my father. During my second year's residence there, I sent a letter to a girl in my native village, named Mary Adamson, for whom I, even then, entertained a strong affection, requesting her to send me an account of the events transpiring in ——. I received no reply. With the same result, I sent some four or five other letters; and I was beginning to fear that my place in her affections had been supplanted during my absence. Such a suspicion, however, proved to be unjust; for at last an answer, which she informed me had been written "on the sly," did arrive, and it was all that a young ardent admirer could desire.

To say the least of her, Mary was a fine girl, and I thought that she was very good looking. Her hair was of the jettest black, and it was scarcely possible to distinguish the colour of her eyes because of their wondrous brilliancy. Her warmth of heart and strength of mind were the admiration of all her companions, and rendered her a general favourite at school. All the younger boys and girls "liked" Mary, and resorted always to her to get their little quarrels decided, wrongs righted, wounds attended to, or sobbing hearts soothed. Her father died when she was very young, and she had no near relation, except her mother, with whom she lived; at all events, if she had any other relations, she either did not know where they resided, or their relationship received no practical manifestations.

About that time, I received a letter from my father, stating that he intended to be home in a few days, and giving me orders to meet him there, to which instruction I duly attended. Of course, he had been made acquainted with the fact of my mother's death.

That was a strange meeting. It was the first time father and I had seen each other since my mother died. He had left her in the enjoyment of pretty good health, mourning the loss of her dear Annie, and he returned to weep, along with his motherless boy, over the graves of the wife of his bosom and the child of his love!

I stood on shore, waiting his arrival. When he came on to the quayside, he advanced slowly towards me, and I hurried quickly to meet him. I observed that it was an awfully painful feeling to return only to look upon the grave in which lay the dust of an object so dear and full of love when last seen!

His eyes were sometimes fixed on the ground and sometimes on me, as he approached. He took me by the hand, and said—

"Well, Willie——"

He said no more, then; but pressed my hand firmly in his. I was quite unable to speak, and as my father turned his face away from me, at the same time relaxing his hold of my hand, I felt a cold tear trickling down my cheek.

The next day was Christmas, and, instead of the mirth and rejoicing with which such occasions used formerly to be passed in our family, we, with sad hearts, visited the parish burying-ground, where slept, in peace, the friends and foes of many generations. My father looked at my sister's and mother's graves—one long and the other short—bowed his head, took off his hat, shed a few tears (the sight of which made me weep, too), heaved a heavy sigh, and then departed without saying one word.

On our way home he requested me to give him some further particulars about my mother's death, which I did.

It was subsequently arranged that I was to become a sailor. I went in my father's vessel in the next two voyages that she made, which were only to Genoa; but boisterous and ungovernable weather made them of longer duration than usual. During the last my father took fever, of which he never altogether recovered, and a few weeks after our arrival at home he became worse, and soon breathed his last.

I was then left without a friend; but, happily, I had a brave heart, a dauntless spirit, and a lively faith in God!

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"We'll hope not," she answered, in a half-despairing tone.

"Good-bye, then, Mary."

"Farewell, William."

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Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form;
Rocks, winds, and waves thy shattered barge delay,
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In the hurry and confusion to get into the long boat we had brought almost no provisions with us, and so it soon became evident that, though we could by any possibility escape the dangers of the deep, nothing but starvation awaited us. The only articles that I had snatched up in haste were my Bible, the portraits of my father, mother, and Mary, my father's gun, his sword, and a flask of gunpowder.

On the third day after the shipwreck four of our number died from exposure and hunger. George Williamson was now very penitent, and his distress because of the wicked life he had led was heartrending. He seemed to be continually thinking of the cruel manner he had acted towards his poor mother, and whenever he spoke it was to inquire if there remained any probability of our ever getting home again. On the fourth day he sat down on his knees in the bottom of the boat, clasped his hands, looked up to heaven in the attitude of prayer, and expired.

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I uttered a wild shriek, and turned myself round, when I saw land in the distance to which the boat was drifting!

On, on, the boat was carried, with me half-dead, and twelve corpses lying where they had fallen, for I had not dared touch one of them to remove it from its place!

At last, I got to land. The dark natives, who were at the shore, seemed to regard me with astonishment and terror, often pointing, as they did to the bodies in the boat, and shaking their heads, thinking, no doubt, that I had killed them and that I was a man to be dreaded. Upon my giving

them to understand they had met their death in a different way, their fears appeared to be somewhat lessened. They, at length, supplied me with some kind of fruit, the use of which soon restored me to my usual state of health.

I cannot recount the incidents which occurred during my residence upon that small island (for such it was), though I had many remarkable adventures, often having to fight for my life, and only escaping after having received severe injuries. Suffice it to say that, while I remained there, I saw enough to convince me that, even in what is called a state of nature—I mean spiritually as well as socially—man, though capable of performing deeds of terrible cruelty when infuriated by passion, is not altogether destitute of something noble and divine in his calmer and better moments.

As might be expected, I often wished that I could get back to England, but I saw no possibility of my being able to do so as the natives informed me that vessels seldom touched at their island unless when compelled by stress of weather.

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"Lay her i' the earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring!"

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They bore down towards me, and the first question I asked was, "For what port are you bound?"

"London," was the reply made by a chorus of voices.

I soon gave them to understand that I would become a passenger, and they at once took me on board.

"How long will it be before you arrive in London?" I inquired.

"About three months, we expect," several answered simultaneously.

And so it was. It was a beautiful day in the month of June when we arrived. After disposing of a small portion of my gold, I proceeded to purchase a suit of clothes and a few other necessary articles, for, despite what the sailors had kindly given me, I was but shabbily attired.

I bought a daily paper of that morning with which to while away the time, intending to proceed to — by the first train next day. I pictured to myself my meeting with Mary Adamson. How surprised she would be at first, and then how happy, as she clasped me to her bosom!

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"That's her name, and that's her age," I whispered, as I rose from the seat and took up the paper, again reading the fearful announcement.

"What? oh what? Is it possible? O Heaven forbid! It cannot be!" I agonisingly murmured, pacing about the room.

After having spent some minutes thus, I hired a conveyance, and gave the cabman orders to proceed as quickly as possible to the place mentioned.

It was a large building, evidently the seat of a wealthy gentleman.

"My Mary could not have been in a place like this," I breathed, half hopefully, half despairingly, as I pulled the massive bell handle.

And never was a row, too, so quickly put an end to,
Or any other fight fought, limited to blows, two.

Since the battle bold, that Thackeray told, on Shannon shore.
For as soon as ever they beheld that the culprit was expelled,
And saw no one but a rash un would e'er indulge in passion,

The Curlers all resolved to be passionate no more.
They vowed with one consent that they'd banish discontent,
And all abstain abuse from hurling around while they were curling,

From this Christmas Day, and evermore.
So, far from feeling doury—a Scotch word which means soury—
They were frisky, and a whisky taken at the "Lass o' Gowrie,"
Gave them an advantage over Shannon shore.

LIFE WITHOUT LOVE.

[BY G. M.]

CHAPTER I.

"Thou little youthful maiden,
Come unto my great heart;
My heart, and the sea, and the heavens
Are melting away with love!"

WE met in a railway carriage, on our way to London, about the New Year. After some conversation, my companion agreed to recount to me the leading events of his life; and as these made a wonderful impression on me at the time, and are still fresh in my memory, I will rehearse them in the narrator's own words, so far as that is possible and prudent, suppressing the technicalities he employed and the names of a few of the places he mentioned.

My name, he commenced, is William Macadam. I belong to a small village a few miles out of ——. My father was owner of a small vessel that traded generally to the East Indies, and, as he commanded her himself, he was seldom at home. I had a religious and most affectionate mother, who, having received a liberal education, and being possessed of a fine taste for literature, used to store my mind, and that of my only sister, with selections from the works of our best poets. I remember how we used to guess at what particular part of his voyage my father would be; and if the night was very stormy, mother seldom went to bed, but spent the time in meditating, hoping, fearing, and committing her husband to God, who rules the winds and waves, and in whose hands are the lives of men. What delight, what happiness, what thankfulness to God, filled our hearts and souls when father safely arrived after an absence of perhaps two years!

Nothing particular occurred in the family until my twelfth year, when my sister Annie, who was my junior by two years, turned suddenly ill, and died after a few weeks' illness. I then realised for the first time that there were bitter dregs in the cup of life. I loved her as it becomes a brother to love a sister, and her death was felt by me as if some cruel hand had torn away a portion of my heart. Fortunately, my father happened to be at home when this sad event occurred; which fact proved a great consolation to my mother, whose grief would otherwise have been almost certain to have terminated fatally. As it was, her health was greatly injured by the bereavement.

My father left, a few months after, on a voyage to the East Indies; and, previous to his departure, he had arranged that I should be sent to Greenwich to receive instructions qualifying me for becoming a sea-captain.

My mother gradually became weaker, until, at last, she was unable to perform the household duties, and a servant had to be engaged. She, as might be expected, would not hear of my leaving her; and I, somewhat reluctantly, bent to her decision, for, like boys in general, I thought that it would be a fine thing to be in a place like Greenwich, and far from the restraints of home. At length, she was continually confined to bed, and she often called me to her bedside and spoke to me about her "motherless boy." Ah! I had no idea that I was so soon to be deprived of her. It was a calm, beautiful night in the month of April, only four months after my father had left, that my mother died, and left me motherless at the early age of thirteen, and my father away, no one knew positively where.

I will not attempt to describe that event. It is indelibly written on the pages of my memory, and God knows that the recollection of it and the remembrance of lessons I received from my mother have exercised a good and heavenly influence upon my line of conduct on many occasions. I verily believe, though some may accuse me of being superstitious for saying so, that the spirit of my deceased mother has often proved my guardian angel.

I went to Greenwich shortly after, and applied myself assiduously to my studies. I made rapid progress, for I was ambitious to excel, and anxious to act conscientiously towards my teachers, myself, and my father. During my second year's residence there, I sent a letter to a girl in my native village, named Mary Adamson, for whom I, even then, entertained a strong affection, requesting her to send me an account of the events transpiring in ——. I received no reply. With the same result, I sent some four or five other letters; and I was beginning to fear that my place in her affections had been supplanted during my absence. Such a suspicion, however, proved to be unjust; for at last an answer, which she informed me had been written "on the sly," did arrive, and it was all that a young ardent admirer could desire.

To say the least of her, Mary was a fine girl, and I thought that she was very good looking. Her hair was of the jettest black, and it was scarcely possible to distinguish the colour of her eyes because of their wondrous brilliancy. Her warmth of heart and strength of mind were the admiration of all her companions, and rendered her a general favourite at school. All the younger boys and girls "liked" Mary, and resorted always to her to get their little quarrels decided, wrongs righted, wounds attended to, or robbing hearts soothed. Her father died when she was very young, and she had no near relation, except her mother, with whom she lived; at all events, if she had any other relations, she either did not know where they resided, or their relationship received no practical manifestations.

About that time, I received a letter from my father, stating that he intended to be home in a few days, and giving me orders to meet him there, to which instruction I duly attended. Of course, he had been made acquainted with the fact of my mother's death.

That was a strange meeting. It was the first time father and I had seen each other since my mother died. He had left her in the enjoyment of pretty good health, mourning the loss of her dear Annie, and he returned to weep, along with his motherless boy, over the graves of the wife of his bosom and the child of his love!

I stood on shore, waiting his arrival. When he came on to the quay-side, he advanced slowly towards me, and I hurried quickly to meet him. I observed that it was an awfully painful feeling to return only to look upon the grave in which lay the dust of an object so dear and full of love when last seen!

His eyes were sometimes fixed on the ground and sometimes on me, as he approached. He took me by the hand, and said—

"Well, Willie——"

He said no more, then; but pressed my hand firmly in his. I was quite unable to speak, and as my father turned his face away from me, at the same time relaxing his hold of my hand, I felt a cold tear trickling down my cheek.

The next day was Christmas, and, instead of the mirth and rejoicing with which such occasions used formerly to be passed in our family, we, with sad hearts, visited the parish burying-ground, where slept, in peace, the friends and foes of many generations. My father looked at my sister's and mother's graves—one long and the other short—bowed his head, took off his hat, shed a few tears (the sight of which made me weep, too), heaved a heavy sigh, and then departed without saying one word.

On our way home he requested me to give him some further particulars about my mother's death, which I did.

It was subsequently arranged that I was to become a sailor. I went in my father's vessel in the next two voyages that she made, which were only to Genoa; but boisterous and ungovernable weather made them of longer duration than usual. During the last my father took fever, of which he never altogether recovered, and a few weeks after our arrival at home he became worse, and soon breathed his last.

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It was a large building, evidently the seat of a wealthy gentleman.

"My Mary could not have been in a place like this," I breathed, half hopefully, half despairingly, as I pulled the massive bell handle.

"Did Mary Adamson reside here?" I inquired of the maid that answered the door.

"Yes, sir. She died yesterday," she replied, with emotion.

I still thought that it might be some other person who bore the same name and was of the same age. It was a cruel wish (for it approached to that), but, ah! I could not help it.

"Can I see your mistress?" I inquired.

"Step in, sir, if you please," she said, looking at me with curiosity and sadness, and yet with an evident feeling of some satisfaction.

When the lady made her appearance, I rose and said with much anxiety,

"Who, madam, was Mary Adamson? Where did she belong to?"

"To a small village near the town of —."

I sank down on the chair, covered my face with my hands, and wildly cried, "Oh, God!"

When my emotion had somewhat subsided, I sprang to my feet, gazing at the lady, who appeared to be greatly agitated and perplexed, as I asked the following questions in rapid succession, scarcely knowing what I said: "How—when—did she come here? Why did she come, and what did she do? Where, oh, where is the corpse? Of what did she die?"

I was told, in reply, that she had come to that place as governess, about two years previous. Her mother had died since my departure, and Mary was beloved by all who knew her because of the amiable disposition that she possessed. The children in the family were very much attached to her. The lady also stated that she seemed to delight in taking solitary walks, and often appeared to be very sad and distressed in mind. A young gentleman had sought in vain to pay his addresses to her. Though often interrogated as to the cause of her sadness, she never gave a satisfactory reply. They suspected, however, that it must have had some connection with love matters, for she was frequently observed with a small portrait in her hand, and had left orders that it was to be placed in her coffin when she died. She died yesterday morning of a broken heart, concluded the lady; and shortly before her death she wrote a letter, sealed it in an envelope upon which were the initials "W. Mc.A.," and requested me to give it to him who said these were the initials of his name, though—

"Where is that letter?" I exclaimed. "I am William McAdam."

When the lady brought the letter I observed that she was dreadfully pale.

I opened it, and as I have it in my pocket I will read it. It is as follows:—

Dear William,—Last night I dreamed that you had returned, and that I saw you. I could not speak to you, nor was I able to hear the words that you appeared to be addressing to me. I was going to approach you, when I felt unable to do so, for I was dead! Oh! where art thou, William? In heaven or on earth? I am dying. Hast thou preceded me, to welcome me to the realms of bliss? or have I to sing hallelujahs on thy entrance there? In God I trust. We'll meet again.—Yours ever,
MARY ADAMSON.

The letter composed my mind to a certain extent;—in fact, I was not so much affected then as might have been expected. But when alone with myself and my God, my grief was unrestrained.

At my request I was permitted to enter the room in which the corpse lay.

There was no doubting of it then: it was Mary Adamson. The black hair—the youth and beauty of her countenance—beautiful as in life—there she lay as if asleep; but it was the sleep of death! Calm and serene, and with a slight tinge of melancholy, as she used to look at all times—who would have thought that death had been caused by a broken heart? Oh, what a terrible death! I looked on in silence, shed terrible tears, heaved "choking sighs," and, after having cut off a lock of her hair, departed, hardly realising what I had seen or what I was doing!

Next morning I arrived in my native village. Two days later a new grave was opened in the place of public interment in the parish, and, amidst a sorrowing multitude, the daughter was lowered into the grave where her mother lay, I myself being the chief mourner.

I had come home with the intention of loving and marrying Mary Adamson; I had come home in reality to consign her to the tomb and mourn her death!

Life is death to me now, for what better than death is—LIFE WITHOUT LOVE?

SIDNEY SMITH once rebuked a swearing visitor by saying, "Let us assume that everything and everybody are damned, and proceed with our subject."

BAILEY'S LAST.

"Have you heard Bailey's last story?" said A. to L. the other day.
"No," replied L.; "I should like to hear Bailey's last." (Hear, hear, and great laughter.)

COUNCILLOR W. H. BAILEY has been engaged during the last few days in helping to distribute relief at the Salford Town Hall. One day, after toiling and moping for hours, he came forth in a perfect *furore* of philanthropic excitement, ready to take the whole world to his arms and bless it, or even, if slight provocation had been given, to deliver one of those picturesque perorations wherewith he is wont to wind up his lucid expositions of things in general preparatory to sitting down in a blaze of glory. Climbing to the top of the tramcar, our esteemed friend sat down next to a stout gentleman, whose surname begins with the eighteenth letter of the alphabet.

"Ah," said Bailey, with a sigh evolved from the profoundest depths of his earnest and sympathetic nature, "this is dreadful weather for people with empty stomachs."

"Yes," replied the other with perfect seriousness, "it is, indeed. I am half-an-hour late for tea, and it makes me feel quite poorly." (!)

The worthy councillor gave him one look, got off the car, and stalked home—a temporarily blighted being.

THE WATERLILY.

[BY SPEX.]

WAS it haughty pride that took thee
Where thy lovely petals float,
Kissed and petted by each ripple,
Thus from all thy kind remotes?

Was it Earth had no charm for thee?
Did'st thou yearn for something yet;
Did the morning find the dew had
Scarcely left thy petals wet?

Or thine image in the water
Had'st thou spied, perhaps, one day;
And so, wand'ring down the lake-side,
To the rushes made thy way?

Then, perhaps, the water-maidens
Cut off thy retreat to shore,
Made thee Queen, and, laughing, kept thee
For their playmate evermore!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Believing that many doubts might be removed and much useful instruction communicated under this heading, we have, after careful consideration and momentous meditation, made up our minds to comply with the claims of our correspondents in this respect, and, by begging, borrowing, and stealing, to answer any and every question, whether it relates to things on the earth, things above the earth, or things beneath the earth. Here goes:—

"X."—Why?

"J. M."—Persevere.

"L. N."—We think not.

"Hopeful."—We cannot.

"John Goschen."—Give it up.

"Magog."—We do not think such an agreement could be legally enforced.

"C. H."—An apprentice cannot be obliged to make up time lost by illness.

"S. B."—Your own word is not sufficient; it must be supported by some other evidence.

"D. B."—For many reasons which cannot be publicly stated, your proposal is impractical.

"T. S."—There are no duties on articles of American manufacture imported into England.

"Evergreen."—A person under notice has no claim to be allowed time to look for another situation.

"J. B. W."—A servant leaving her place without permission may be dismissed without notice, or wages in lieu of notice.

"J. B."—Of the property of an intestate leaving a widow and children, one third goes to the widow, the rest equally among the children.

"J. T. S."—The German army on the peace footing numbers about 420,000 men and officers, on the war footing about 1,300,000. The peace footing of the Russian army is about 788,000, the war footing about 1,670,000.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of manuscripts sent to us.

TIC-DOLOREUX, TOOTHACHE, &c.—BUSHBY'S NEUROTONIC gives immediate and lasting relief, is also invaluable in weakness and general debility. 1/4 and 2/6 of chemists.

JANUARY 3, 1879.

THE CITY JACKDAW.

5

The Patent Glass Veneer Company Limited.

INCORPORATED UNDER THE COMPANIES' ACTS, 1862, 1867, & 1877.

CAPITAL, £25,000, in 5,000 Shares of £5 each, payable £2 on Application and £3 on Allotment.**DIRECTORS.**Sir FRANCIS CHARLES KNOWLES, Bart., M.A., F.R.S., Mayfield, Ryde, Isle of Wight.
Sir HENRY VALENTINE GOULD, Bart., West Croydon, Surrey.The Hon. JAMES TOBIN, 14, Alexander Square, South Kensington.
HUNTER STEPHENSON, Esq., 3, Newman's Court, Cornhill, London.
JAMES BUDD, Esq., 51, Wentworth Road, London.**SOLICITOR—JAMES EMMETT ROBSON, No. 7, Chapel Walks, Manchester.****SHOW ROOMS—33, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.****REGISTERED OFFICE—3, NEWMAN'S COURT, CORNHILL, LONDON.****PROSPECTUS.**

THE principal objects for which this Company has been established are:—

- To adopt and carry into effect a contract bearing date the 31st day of September, 1878, and made between James Budd of the one part, and Henry Norton as trustee for and on behalf of the Company of the other part, for the purchase for the sum of £20,000 of the Letters Patent under the Great Seal of the United Kingdom, granted to the said James Budd, for an invention of "Improved methods of decorating glass to be used as a substitute for veneers."
- To manufacture make and sell the said decorated glass, and also panels, furniture, mouldings, and other articles of every description, into the composition or construction of which the said decorated glass shall enter either wholly or in part.

The above-mentioned contract is the only one entered into by the Company or the Promoters, Directors, or Trustees thereof, before the issue of this Prospectus, and together with the Memorandum and Articles of Association, and samples of the Glass Veneer can be seen and prospectuses, forms of application, and all further information obtained at the offices of the Company's Solicitor.

In the manufacture of high-class furniture, inlaid work and internal decorations, the most important element of cost consists in veneering ornamental woods upon common wood surfaces, and polishing such veneers. The expense of making, fixing, and polishing good veneers is so serious that numerous imitations and substitutes have from time to time been introduced, but without satisfactory results. One great objection to wood veneers is that each successive cleaning removes a certain amount of polish, and consequently repolishing is periodically rendered necessary. Moreover, expensive furniture, whether veneered or solid, is daily deteriorated by ordinary use, and frequently damaged by careless handling.

Mr. Budd's invention consists in the production of glass plates or panels covered on one side with an imitation of costly wood, inlaid work, or ornamental designs, while the uncovered side represents the polish. The glass veneer possesses the following advantages. A perfect imitation of any wood can be produced at less than half the cost of wafer veneers. It is more durable and more beautiful than polished wood. It retains an everlasting freshness and diffuses a brilliant light. It is not affected by extremes of heat, cold, or damp, gases, chemical, or other vapours or acids. It is suitable both for interior and exterior decorations, and for the ornamentation of furniture of every description, especially wainscots, cornices, sideboards, desks, counters, office fittings, doors, staircases, hall stands, dining-room tables, and in fact every article which now requires the use of costly woods. It can be used wherever any other veneer can be placed. It can be cleaned as frequently as desired without any injury, and cannot be damaged by ordinary use. For sanitary purposes it is unexcelled. For decorating the doors, walls, floors, and ceilings of carriages, cabins, saloons, houses, hotels, banks, churches, and public and private buildings of all kinds, it is unequalled. It can be cleaned with water in the

same manner as a window, and hence rooms and carriages covered with it can always be preserved perfectly free from damp and in a healthier state than those decorated with wood, paint, or paper. For inlaid work it so far surpasses ordinary veneers that no comparison can be drawn favourable to the old process, and designs may be produced which are quite impossible under the old system. It takes the place of and is in many respects superior to, fresco painting. Frescoes are always liable to crack, to be damaged by cleaning, or by damp or heat, and cannot be removed after having once been placed on a wall or ceiling. The Glass Veneer panels are fully equal in appearance to frescoes, they cannot be injured in any way, being practically indestructible, and they can be removed and used elsewhere. Few things are more provoking than a cracked ceiling, especially where a great outlay has been incurred in decorating it, and yet an uncracked ceiling is to-day a rarity. A ceiling covered with Glass Veneer cannot be cracked, it is superior in appearance to a painted ceiling, and moreover cannot be injured by the vapours or fumes from candles, lamps, or gas. Added to all this the panels can be removed without injury. The Glass Veneer cannot be stained by ink or other fluids, or by finger marks, or otherwise. For chess tables, signs, inlaid lettering, and marqueterie work the Glass Veneer is especially adapted. It can be used in the place of marble slabs in the construction of furniture, and while far cheaper than, and not so liable to breakage as, marble, is much superior to it in ornamentation.

The Glass Veneer is strongly recommended on account of its beauty, durability, cheapness, and cleanliness. It has an infinity of uses, it saves both time and labour, it never looks worn or second-hand, its lustre is lasting, and being practically indestructible, is the only veneer suitable for exterior decoration.

The cost of production of the Glass Veneer is considerably less than one-half the price of the commonest wood veneer. The necessary plant and machinery are comparatively trifling, and unskilled labour is principally employed. Extensive and remunerative orders are daily offered, and the manufacture and sale of the Glass Veneer can be commenced and proceeded with on a large scale immediately the capital of the company has been subscribed.

The directors point to the foregoing important facts, and have no hesitation in saying that a more genuine or more remunerative investment is seldom met with, and they look forward with the utmost confidence to a very large annual dividend upon the paid-up share capital of the Company.

The Glass Veneer has been largely used in the United States and in Canada for some years, and has given the most complete satisfaction. The Superintendent of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company; The President of the United States Master Carbuilders' Association, and many other gentlemen have written to Mr. Budd in the highest terms of praise of his invention, and numerous American and Canadian newspapers have noticed it most favourably.

The purchase money to be paid for the invention and Letters Patent is £20,000, payable half in cash

and half in fully paid-up shares of the Company. £5,000, being the balance of the paid-up capital of the Company, is required for working expenses.

It should be stated that Mr. Budd has spent upwards of £16,000 and many years of his life in performing numerous costly experiments and so bringing his invention to its present high degree of perfection.

It is proposed to acquire in London, Manchester, Liverpool, and other large towns, premises suitable for the manufacture and sale of the Glass Veneer, and to keep in stock panels and made-up furniture of all kinds.

The Company has taken power to issue share warrants payable to bearer, which can be transferred without any deed, notice, or registration whatever.

A Form of Application for Shares is annexed. Should the shares applied for not be allotted, the deposit of £2 per share payable on application will be returned in full. Should a smaller number of shares be allotted than the number applied for, the amount of deposit in excess will be applied towards the payment due to allotment, and the balance (if any) be returned.

THE PATENT GLASS VENEER COMPANY LIMITED.

The Companies Acts, 1862, 1867, and 1877.

CAPITAL £25,000, in 5,000 Shares of £5 Each.*Form of Application for Shares.*

To the Directors of the above-named Company.

Gentlemen,—Having paid to the credit of the Company the sum of £.....being £2 per share on my application for..... shares of £5 each in your Company, I request you to allot to me that or any less number of the said shares, and I hereby agree to accept the same and to pay the balance in respect thereof, and to be registered as a member of the Company on the terms of the Memorandum and Articles of Association thereof.

Name in full.....
Occupation.....
Postal Address.....
Date.....
Signature.....

THE PATENT GLASS VENEER COMPANY LIMITED.*Receipt.*

(To be signed and returned to the Applicant.)

Received this.....day of.....187..from Mr.....the sum of £.....in respect of an application for.....shares in the above Company.
£.....

N.B.—This may be forwarded entire to the Company's Solicitor, whose Receipt will be returned to the Applicant, and must be preserved in order to be exchanged in due time for share certificates.

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